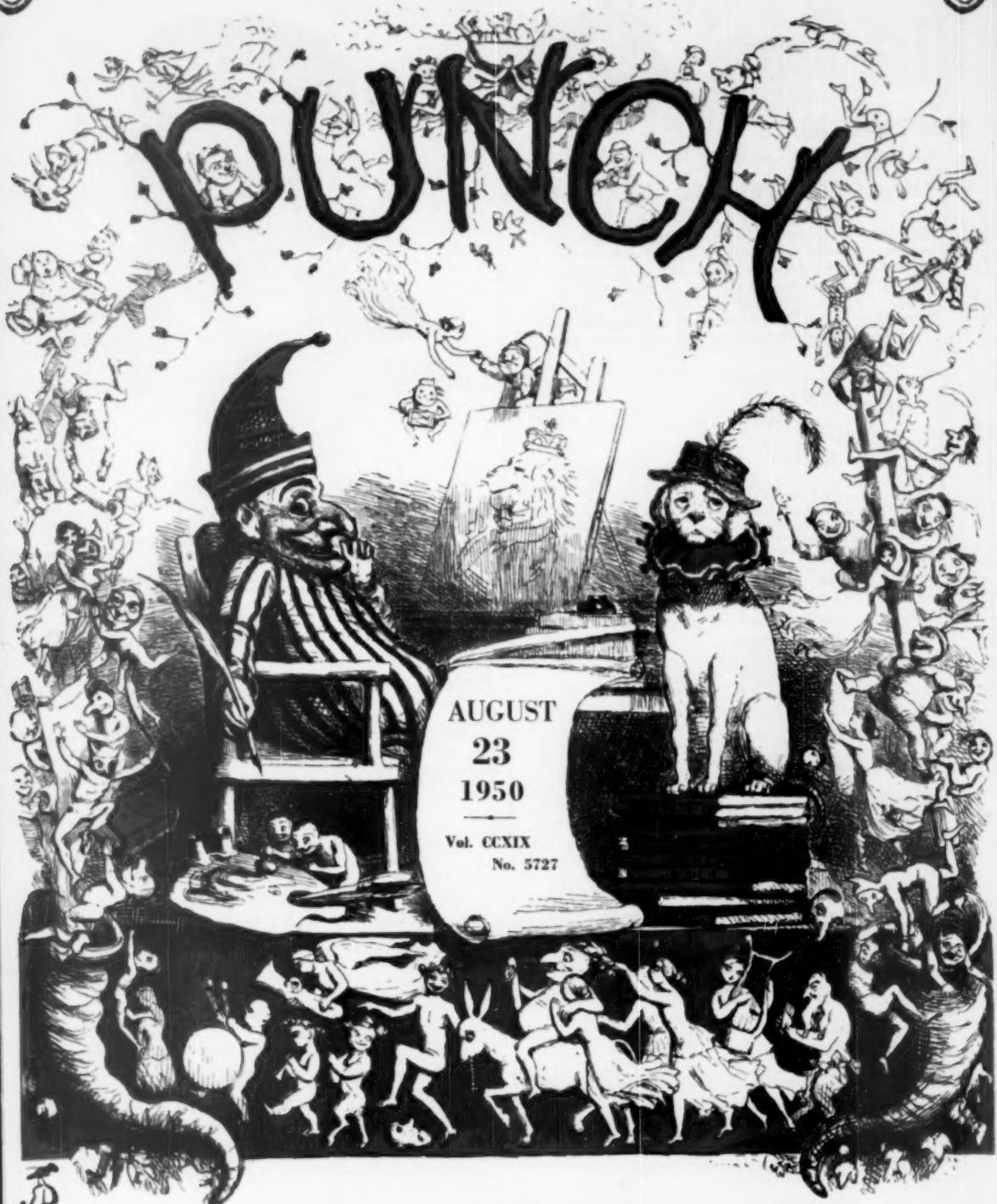


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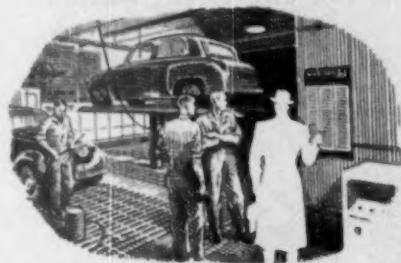
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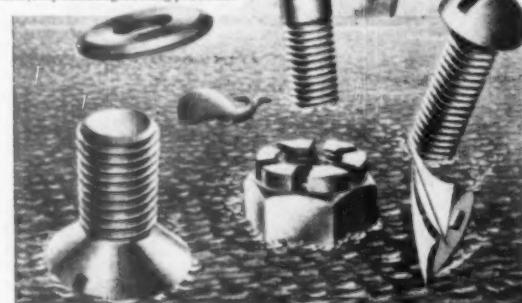
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Punch, August 23, 1950

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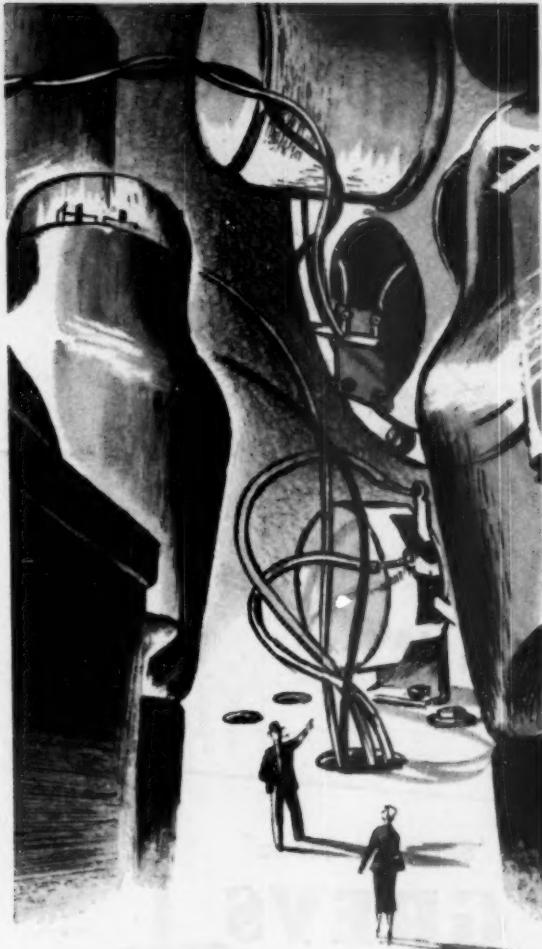
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I'd rather have a
Jaffajuce



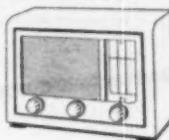
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Breakfast Orange for early morning



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You're looking at the inside of a GEC set. Unfamiliar? Yes; and maybe you'll never need to look into it. For the name GEC means that you can trust those 'insides' to give you good listening—and to go on doing so. *That's what really matters.* For instance, this family table model BC5441, at £18.18.0 including tax, is something worth seeing—but you really have to listen to it to take in its true quality. Your Approved GEC Dealer will be glad to arrange this for you.



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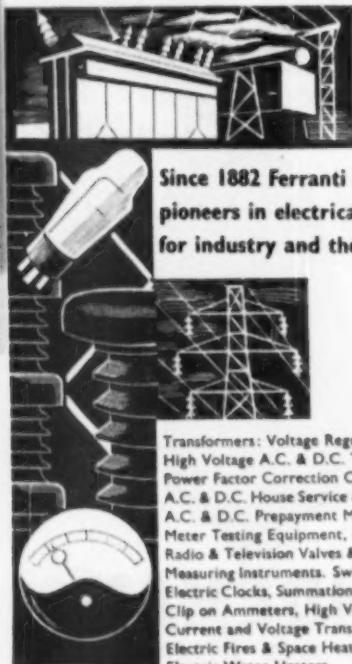
The *Worsey* Model
Ask to see it at your local furniture. To be sure you get the genuine article, see that the salesman writes the name "Parker-Knoll" on your receipt.

Some visitors never know when to go. And you've heard that story of the visit to Dinard so often before. But at last the place is your own once more, and as you sink to rest in the arms of your recaptured favourite chair, you murmur: "I really must get another Parker-Knoll."

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PUNCH

OR
THE LONDON CHARIVARI



CHARIVARIA

In Sydney, a docker who has been studying law at the university has decided not to stand for his final, saying he can earn more money on the wharves. He still expects to pick up a case from time to time.



A medical writer notes that some composers' music causes more fainting casualties at the Promenade Concerts than others'. None of the classics, however, is yet within measurable distance of Mr. Sinatra.

3

"Southampton flower show was found by a mushroom picker in the Ettlingen Forest near Karlsruhe, Germany. It had drifted 470 miles."—*Yorkshire Evening Press*

Who says a policy of drift gets you nowhere?

3

Pablo Picasso has recently written a series of long unpunctuated prose-poems from which this is a sample passage:

silence discovers the shadow of the angle which stretches her voice that nails to the handkerchief the window of light that climbs little mice on the string of the well that is the abyss of the street and the cork that goes away with its female verbena of wisdom sponges the dress of the stars of the picador and throws them on the beach above the waistcoat flavoured glass falls and breaks its forehead in space

which is limited so we very imprudently cut this out and sent it to Sir Alfred Munnings and the gunpowder ran out at the heels of his boots.

"MACARTHUR
FLIES BACK
TO FRONT."

Bangkok paper

To keep the sand out of his eyes!

3

It is to be hoped that the official easing of leather controls this month will not be followed by the necessity for tightening our belts again.

3

"Boats of similar size forming pairs and fitting across the race course in full speed, rowed by limitless number of paddlers, seated on either brink of each boat. Crowds of people on either bank watched the progress of the race with breathless interest."

Hindu

Can you wonder?

3

The British Boxing Board of Control has recently forbidden boxers' seconds to wear braces unless they are concealed from public view by a cardigan or sweater. Any moment now they will be insisting on a waterproof sponge-bag to hold the sponge.

DONALD



ON NINETY-NINE SHEETS OF PAPER

WHAT are the factors affecting the formation of a European Army?

I ask this because when I read that Mr. Duncan Sandys had been charged, by the Defence Sub-committee of the Assembly of the Council of Europe, with the task of preparing a concrete plan for implementing Mr. Churchill's proposal, and when I further observed that he proposed to present his plan at 6 p.m. the following day, I could not help raising my eyebrows (in lieu of a hat) at so remarkable a piece of staff-work. Myself, I should need two clear days for the job, and even then the carbon copies of some of the appendices might not be dry.

When making a plan, even for so comparatively minor an operation as mounting a Lewis gun on top of a disused lighthouse, it is necessary first of all to appreciate the situation. Everybody knows that. This entails writing

Appreciation of the Situation

at the top of a clean sheet of paper, and adding your name and rank and what time it is, together with a map reference of sorts. You are then free to state your object.

Mr. Sandys may well have dispensed with a map reference and proceeded straight to the object.

He was presenting the plan in person, so that the Defence Sub-committee could pin-point him for themselves, if need be.

Object. To form a European Army.

That is clear enough and needs no embroidery. But the factors affecting the attainment of the object—these seem to me to be both numerous and confusing. Here are six to be going on with:

M. Spauk

The shortage of good N.C.O.s. in Luxembourg Dollars

French leave

The disinclination of Turkish artillermen to apply fire corrections given by Dutch Air O.P.s.

Danish intransigence over bacon prices

None of these can lightly be dismissed as unimportant. But, equally, none of them can be discussed in a brief paragraph, so I shall go on at once to some of the more general factors recommended for consideration in all reliable military manuals. One recalls immediately

Time and space

Phases of the moon

Water supply

Time is not on our side. I hope Mr. Sandys made a note of that—with the deduction that the thing to do is to get a move on. As for space, I don't know that one could do very much about that except to make a tracing of Western Europe—and what sort of deduction could one make from that, unless it might be Spain? Here, I fancy, the Field Service Pocket Book would have been of use to Mr. Sandys, for, if memory serves, it was pretty hot on the subject of deductions. "If no useful deduction can be made," it said, "omit that factor." Mr. Sandys should have omitted space.

I hope he did not spend much time on the phases of the moon, either. It is rank superstition to suggest that the first quarter is the best time to form an army, whatever the hill-tribes of Anatolia may say. The best time to form an army is now, and the sole deduction to be made from the moon is that it causes tides which are more marked in the North Sea than in the Mediterranean and may affect the sailing times of transports carrying Norwegian troops to training camps in Sicily. All this is elementary and leads on to Water Supply, which I omit.

When he had put down all the factors and made his deductions Mr. Sandys had them to list the courses open to anyone wanting to form a European Army and choose one of them as the basis of his

Plan. The European Army will consist of two hundred divisions, armed to the teeth and adequately supplied with water. Each division will have a general at the head of it and columns of light interpreters dispersed on either flank, together with the necessary field kitchens, mobile laundries, etc. Chinese laundries will NOT repeat NICHT repeat SON repeat SJOLE repeat NSCK be employed unless screened.

To avoid the risk of confusion all orders will be given in English, and whiskers, if worn, will be of moderate length.

The two hundred divisions will be provided as shown at Appendix Z, which I omit. H. F. ELLIS

VISITORS AT CLARENCE HOUSE

TILL they posted the notice
On the gate

We was quite contented

To stand and wait.

Two days or ten

Was just the same;

We had to be there

When the baby came.

We was all at the Palace

Two years since

To wait for that lovely

Little Prince.

And now we'll always

Be able to tell

About being here

For this one as well.

There was some called us silly

For standing so long;

But we know how easy

Things can go wrong

And p'raps it helped her

When she felt distressed

To know we was there

To wish her all the best.

And one day p'raps

She'll be ever so proud

Remembering us

In that cheering crowd—

The mothers of England

Giving her due

To the Royal Princess

Who was one of us too.

B. A. YOUNG



THE DESERTER



"Of course, it will be a long time before we can harness it for industrial purposes."

RECOVERY OF AN ARTIST

I DOUBT if you have ever met a child in this country or any other who has won a prize in a children's competition. You may cite those great names in the prize-lists, Betty Jones of London, W.9, John Yeo of Polbarwith, Cornwall, Ian MacFergus of Dumfries and the rest: but you have never actually met any of them, because they are all my brother-in-law Valentine.

My brother-in-law Valentine is a gentle, and indeed childlike, person, but his occupation of winning prizes in children's competitions is none the less exacting. He lives in a suburb and does all his work there, signing it with a whole card-index of names and sending it for forwarding to scores of accommodation addresses all over the country. He is particularly proud of an address in Nigeria, from which a hypothetical black boy fairly bombards the periodicals with competition entries, under a long name studded with apostrophes.

You may protest at all this,

My sister did at first, but when she saw what an artist the man was she resumed her normal contentment and left him alone. Of course, lots of adults enter for children's competitions, but only my brother-in-law is ever taken seriously. A successful entry has to strike a happy mean: it has to be good enough to beat the rest without being too good for the work of an under-fifteen (or whatever the limit is). Valentine has mastered the art of making the right mistakes, and has given so much pleasure to judges and children all over the world that sometimes I wonder if he is not right to follow his own calling. He could certainly never earn his living at anything else. As it is, in a good week he can clear fifteen English pounds and about the same amount in foreign currency; including dollars, I may say.

The only sign that he is at all ashamed is his determination not to let my young niece Marian know her father's occupation. To her, he

works at home for an advertising agency. Valentine is a very sensitive and proud father, so proud that he occasionally puts in a winning entry in his daughter's name and brags about it to his friends ("Better not mention it to her, or her head'll be turned"). This has led to various awkward situations and little deceptions, such as a ban on her reading any children's periodicals and supplements ("They're just a lot of trash"). Marian is a serious, clever little girl, probably because she has been forced to read good literature.

A year or two ago one of the daily papers out for an increase in circulation announced a grand children's competition, a sort of Pentathlon in which all the old favourites were combined. There were Jumbled Wild Beasts, Scrambled Initial Letters, Hidden Names of Holiday Objects, a picture or two to paint and half a dozen coupons to cut out of successive issues: and the big prizes were of three guineas, two guineas and one guinea; then

there were twenty prizes of ten shillings, fifty of five shillings, and one hundred paint boxes. This was just what Valentine liked, and he mobilized all his card-index of names, plus a few new ones, expecting to clean up about fifty per cent of the prizes.

He was all the more eager because for some time before this he had not been doing too well. A Winnie Rhys of Aberfyll had carried off several first prizes in the face of all his entries, and two brothers called Brian and Wilfred Malley of Manchester, 15, were badly reducing his smaller earnings. He was acquainted with the names of most of the regulars, but these were new to him.

When the results of the big competition came out there was a special announcement in the daily paper concerned. "Two of the competitors," it said, "were outstanding, and so close in merit were their entries that the first and second prizes have been shared between them. Their names are Brian and Wilfred Malley of Manchester, 15. The third prize goes to Winnie Rhys of Aberfyll," and there followed a list of quite unfamiliar names. Not one of Valentine's card-index was among the prizewinners.

His first thought was that he had been found out: then he discovered a rather patronizing list of "Highly Commendeds" farther down the page that contained several of his names, and it became clear that he had been fairly defeated.

Poor Valentine was prostrated. During the dark days that followed I visited him frequently and gave him what comfort I could. There were three possible explanations for his failure. The first, that a new race of supremely intelligent children had arisen, seemed unlikely. So did the second, that another adult had discovered the secret of winning and had established an organization more efficient than my brother-in-law's.

Valentine inclined to this theory for a day or two, and nearly got into serious trouble for walking up to an unpleasant and nosy acquaintance and accusing him of being Winnie Rhys of Aberfyll. But the third

explanation, that Valentine had suffered a failure of power of a sort common to great artists, seemed inescapable. That the failure was no temporary one was shown by the series of disasters that followed in all except the overseas competitions, which for some reason he could still win. But his income had been cut by half, and his whole way of life was threatened.

Then one day, quite suddenly, the defeats ceased. Winnie Rhys (who had moved to Llansoch), Brian and Wilfred Malley (now, it seemed, at Marketon, Staffs), and the others, still won prizes, but more and more rarely and unsuccessfully: half-a-crown here and a couple of boxes of crayons there, but nothing worth having. Once again Betty Jones, John Yeo, and Ian MacFergus, together with the indomitable negro from Nigeria, caught the judges' eye.

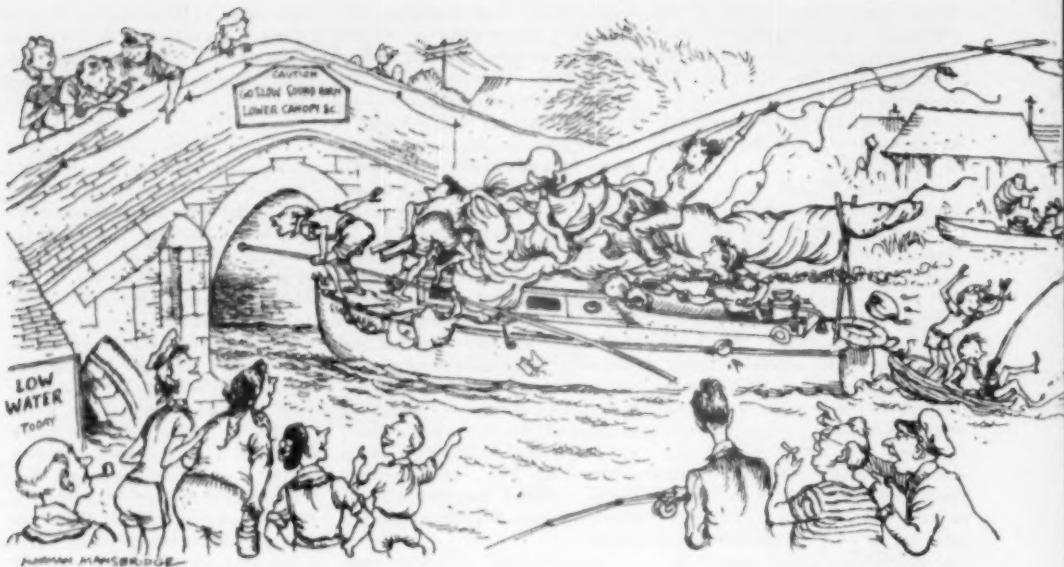
Valentine was all smiles and triumph, and airily dismissed the black days as "a spell of ill-health,

old chap." He looked and looks twice the man he was; rather as Hercules must have looked when the Hydra was finally a thing of the past.

I wish I felt the same. This business of working for children's competitions is a terrible strain, and I can't let Winnie and the horrible brothers disappear without a struggle. When I first discovered that Marian had been led by her father's ban on children's periodicals to buy them secretly and enter for competitions under assumed names from school friends' addresses I wondered whether to tell Valentine. But it would have put him in an awkward position. On the whole I'm glad I gave Marian a severe lecture on disobedience and dishonesty, told her never to look at a periodical again, and set about the task of retiring her creations. But if anybody wants a lot of boxes of crayons, let him write to me c/o Winnie Rhys of Llansoch.



"During the war they did at least say 'sorry'."



THE BROADLANDERS

THE following notes on the inhabitants of the Broads are offered by an explorer who recently visited this genial, industrious and, where head-room permits, upright race.

Broadland is a country composed of wide bits of water joined by narrow bits, with spaces between for pubs and shopping, and on these waters live the Broadlanders, a migrant people who start immigrating at Easter and finish emigrating in October. Being essentially a floating population they have never been counted, and a census-taker looking down from the Potter Heigham bridge at the queue for going under it wouldn't get much help. He would be too interested watching the ones that stick and have to pole back and try again.

Of no more than average height, except when standing in a big boat making for a little boat, when they are a good ten feet and terrifying, Broadlanders have kind orange faces and the sort of hair you get if you leave it in the sun. They eat heartily, often from tins, and they are very musical, all being able to play the radio and a few the kind of

stringed instrument you whang with your thumb. They wear fairly funny hats; a male Broadlander managing a sail in a crowded boat wears a yachting-cap to make the rest of the boatload feel safer than it does, and children affect a white paper cap with an anchor. But clothes are less eccentric than you would expect, though it is worth noting that the older male Broadlanders are keener on white shorts than the younger. Ties are unknown in this country, except to keep old grey flannel trousers up. Female Broadlanders are only moderately inclined to trousers and gay holiday fashions, perhaps because in Broadland a woman's place is in the galley, cooking on two gas-rings. But there is a high degree of sex equality, by which I mean that the men don't seem to have much free time either.

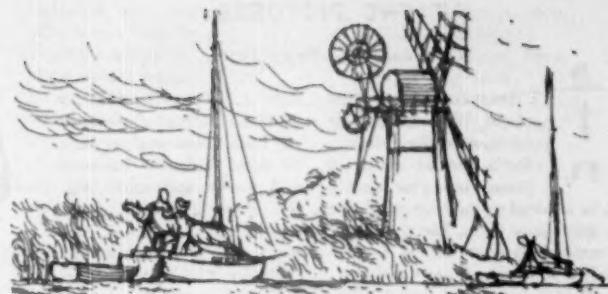
Broadlanders are family types. A lone man, to all appearances a free-lance isolated from the surrounding bustle of waterborne domesticity, may be seen rowing thoughtfully along and getting caught sideways in the wash of a battleship. But probably he has

been sent out in the dinghy to buy two tins of Danish pork and a picture postcard, and when he reaches his moored-up home he will have to clear his family from the sharp end, where they keep the washing-up bowl, before he can peel the potatoes for lunch. Besides their families, Broadlanders often have middle-aged relations and a dog which sits facing the way the boat is going, but diagonally. Anyone who has taken a dog in a car will realize that Broadland dogs are subconsciously missing a side window to put their faces through. Children are of school-holiday age and all have long legs for jumping ashore to put the cabbage-stalks in the Government dust-bins.



The Broadland Government seems to be divided into two kinds of Them. The first is unseen. Besides the dust-bins, it is responsible for the Free Moorings notice-boards, the rule about all boats having car-licences, the weather, and the tides. The They who make up the other kind are visible and more immediately important. They live in nautical booking-offices and are indeed the most important people in the world, because they own the boats that Broadlanders live in. Each is a tribal chief, lord of his chain of cruisers, gunter-rigged yachts and easy sailing-boats for learners; the providence that put up the tiny stiff doll's-house curtains and chose the red blankets and is waiting for someone to break a cup. Each boat flies its tribal flag, so that Broadlanders can tell at a glance whether they are passing a boat in the catalogue they chose theirs from, or a possibly better bargain they didn't know about.

Apparently these chiefs want people to be happy, which is funny nowadays, and the Broadlanders respond by calling their cupboards lockers and trying very hard to make their beds earlier than they did yesterday. Even more than people in Chelsea flats let them sit on beds rather than in arm-chairs. When it rains the passer-by gets an alarming view of heads and books and feet, but ordinarily there is a deck several inches wide to tramp round, and you can always tie up



and use the land. It is no uncommon sight, towards evening, to see Broadland children hurling themselves about in the grass, their father aboard busy washing-up and their mother busy being busy.

I have implied that Broadlanders are amphibious at heart, always tying up to bollards and stepping ashore, but that is not the whole story. *Some of them live on land.* Right on the edge, but in real houses pinched from the seaside. A typical Broadland house would be white, with The Nest painted on a lifebelt, an outboard propped against the veranda waiting to be mended, a tiny garden indented to hold a boat and some floating apple-cores, and a washing-line tied to a flag-staff. These guilty Broadlanders atone by getting their milk from an aquatic milkman, and by apparently never sitting in their gardens. Instead they sit in their boats, unwrapping the sail without cutting the string.

Broadlanders lead a busy life once they have got moving. They can sail along the narrow bits of water looking for the wide bits, and across the wide bits looking for the narrow bits that lead to the places everybody has lunch at. Or, if they have the right kind of boat, they can cheat and turn on the engine. Some of them cheat all the time. For a mere £30 a week they can chug up and down in a brown and white liner, frightening people.

In Broadland they drive on the right, and there is a rule that sails shall be treated respectfully, like horses in other countries. Old Broadland salts think little of big motor-cruisers, but the cruisers

must think a lot about the old salts, because sails do not always face the way they are going. Motor-boats do. A motor-boater has only to turn his wheel round hand over hand, as on the films, to find himself in the reeds on the bank. These reeds, by the way, are used as handbrakes by people near enough to lean out. When a motor-boater has mastered the wheel and the gears he finds himself mentally a tractor-driver. All he can do is keep straight and curve where necessary.

When Broadlanders are not sailing, motoring or rowing they are poling. In Broadland they call a pole a quant, but that does not make it very different from the things you dig into the Thames and the Cherwell. There is the same risk that each dig will be the last. But from the way Broadlanders walk the length of the boat while they shove, and get the pole back every time, they must all have paid their half-crowns for the book that tells them everything about everything. It has maps with the land left out, and pictures of giant fish which do not convince the foreigner that any Broadlander has ever caught one. Thronged by charging craft, he would be clever to hook up an old boat.

I should say a little more about the land part of this country. It has windmills, and ships gliding through the fields, appearing silently round the trees when you are least expecting them. The windmills are always being pointed at. One of them has been repainted. It is a memorial. When you say "What to?" you are told "To the other windmills."

ANDE



AT THE PICTURES

The Gunfighter—Fancy Pants

IT'S easy to be disparaging about Westerns merely because, at the moment, there are so many of them, but this should not be allowed to spoil the public for the good ones; and *The Gunfighter* (Director: HENRY KING) is certainly good one. I am not forgetting that it is full of the things one thinks of as the clichés of the Western. The principal character appears first coming into a saloon (nearly always, it seems, the bar is on the left, and the people come in from the right); is there some reason for that?), and indeed spends most of his time, after leaving it, in another, and the rest of the scenes hold no surprises; but it's a condition of the Western that it has only these few scenes to play with, unless it is that kind of small-boy's-delight that consists in an uninterrupted chase through constantly varying backgrounds of natural phenomena. Its merit depends on the story it tells, the point of view it imposes, the mood it establishes with its familiar properties. *The Gunfighter* is no small-boy's-delight, being based on a genuinely interesting notion that would not occur to any small boy or seem to him worth consideration if it did. The film gives an idea of the kind of life that must have inevitably faced one of those gunmen of legendary accomplishment when (if) he reached middle age and felt like settling

down. Jimmie Ringo (GREGORY PECK) comes into the little town anxious only to mind his own business and see his wife and child, but he is the slave of his reputation: the local bad boy itches to challenge him ("He don't look so tough to me"—"Just two hands like anybody else"), and in the end he is shot, his revenge lying in the fact that henceforth his murderer will live under the same sort of curse. This is all excellently, imaginatively, entertainingly done, with a real feeling for character, from the quietly admirable performance of Mr. PECK himself down to the smallest part (there is a delightful sketch of a timid, hesitant old man who screws up his courage to interrupt the marshal's talk with the news that somebody is burning a house down), and enlivened throughout with such glimpses as that of the poker-players in the barber-shop, who have not heard about the great man's arrival because "We ain't been out o' here since Toosday." Not merely a good Western; a good film.

Though it's full of slapstick and often crude in its effects, I honestly enjoyed *Fancy Pants* (Director: GEORGE MARSHALL). There is much burlesque, exaggerated "English" stuff which, it seems to me, passes

*[The Gun-step]*

Jimmie Ringo—GREGORY PECK
with an unidentified body

quite unnoticed by the English audience—they take it as natural, for instance, that a man should say "kyou" when anything is done for him, an idea that to an American audience must be irresistibly comic—but there is plenty of fun without that. The piece has a P. G. Wodehouse sort of plot involving an American actor whose performance in England as an English butler (in the year 1905, by the way) so ravishes a visiting hostess from New Mexico that she takes him back to impress her friends, and then . . . but it's ludicrous to pay any regard to the plot. The man concerned is MR. HOPE, and the girl is the statuesque, irreverent, rollicking LUCILLE BALL, and the songs are lively, and the nonsense is continuous; that's enough.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Of the recent ones in London, the most pleasing is probably *Trio* (16/8/50). The Italian *Four Steps in the Clouds* (9/6/48) is back for one week; and the French sparklers, *Fanny* (26/7/50) and *Sylvia and the Ghoul* (2/8/50) continue.

Pick of the releases is certainly *Panic in the Streets* (9/8/50), an admirably-made pursuit thriller.

RICHARD MALLETT

*The Fox-gallop*

Humphrey—BOB HOPE

(Fancy Pants)

NEGRO SPIRITUALS

AIN'T GONNA SMOKE NO MORE

If you ain't careful, preacher,
I ain't gonna smoke no more;
If you ain't careful, preacher,
I ain't gonna drink no more!
I ain't gonna go
To no dam show
Nor buy what I want at de store.
I'll sit in de dark
And praise de Lord:
I'll get a good mark
Though I may be bored.
If ever I do
What I like to do
I'm taxed like I was a sinner:
So I'll sit around
Like a pig in a pound
With nothing to do but dinner.
But if I don't drink,
And if I don't smoke,
Den, preacher, think
Of de poor white folk.
For where will you get your
guns,
And where will you get your
ships,
And where will you get your wigs
and teeth?—
Hey, you there, Massa Cripps!
I think I hear you, preacher,
Say "Smoke a bit, Jem Johnson,"
"Drink just a bit, Jem Johnson,"
"And bet a little bit, Jem Johnson,
Jest like you done before."
But if you ain't careful, preacher,
I ain't gonna smoke no more.

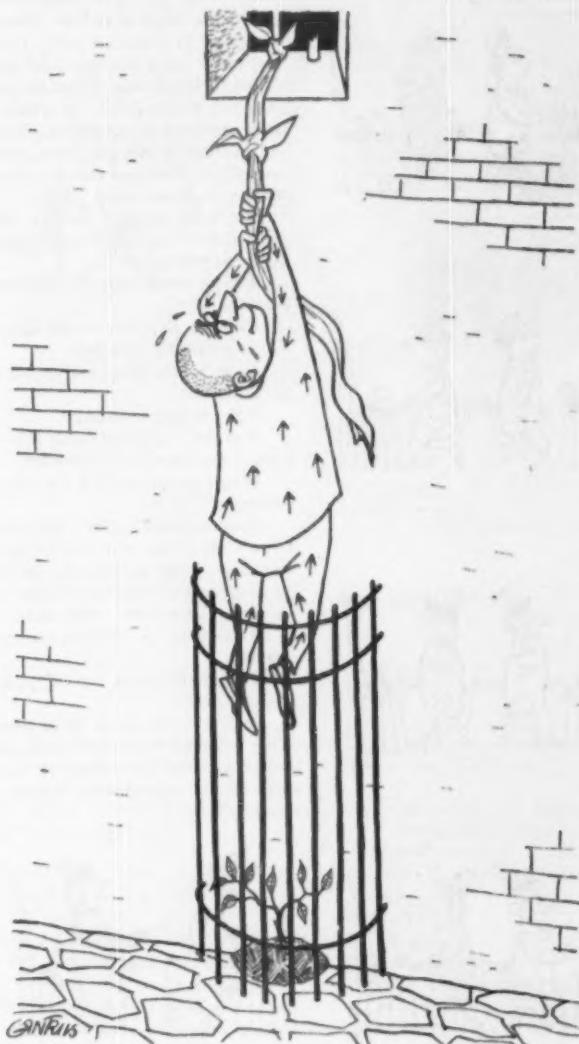
RIDING HIGH

Lord, hear my people!
Dey moan and cry,
Dey cry and moan, Lord,
I cain't think why.
Ain't easy to see, Lord,
Why dey moan and cry.
If you ask me, Lord,
We're riding high.
If it's de boxing
Most coloured men
Is standing smiling
At de count of ten.
And if it's running
Around a track
Some coloured fellows
Have got de knack.
If it's de cricket
De coloured sons
Of old Jamaica
Can make dem runs.

Lord, hear my people.
Dey moan dem wrongs:
But Europe dances
To coloured songs.
At United Nations
When Peace dey plan
Who makes de orations?
Some coloured man.
Look, on de beaches
De white folk crowd!

Dey've skins like peaches:
But are dey proud?
Dey lay dem down, Lord,
On belly or back:
Dey wanna be brown, Lord;
Dey're dam near black!
Ain't easy to see, Lord,
Why we moan and cry.
It seems to me, Lord,
We're riding high.

A. P. H.



FINAL INTERVIEW



DO sit down. Shut the door, one of you.

Thank you.

No doubt you are wondering, all seventeen of you, why you have been brought here. You are wondering what possible common link binds you together.

I will tell you.

You are the men who, at various times over the past twenty-five years, have interviewed me. Now I am going to interview you. I will not dwell upon the involved processes of blackmail, litigation and financial manipulation by which I have obtained my ascendancy over you. Suffice it that you know, each one of you, that you dare not deny me my slightest whim.

To begin with, I have a few general observations to make which apply to you all.

I have never heard of your old schools.

You are all either rather old or rather young for your jobs.

Your handwriting leaves much to be desired.

Now, to particularize.

You, sir, at the end of the row—I mean the elderly schoolmaster.

Oblige me by spelling the word "sclerosis."

Speak up, now! Don't hesitate. I don't like a man who stutters and stammers; I like a man who holds his head up and looks me straight in the eye. Come now—"sclerosis."

Well—that is approximately correct.

Take your hands out of your pockets, man!

Next, will the seedy little man in the celluloid collar, who looks as though he may have been on the staff of an employment agency, stand up?



I've looked through your record, and upon my soul I don't know what you think you're fit for. Book-keeping and typing—what use are they? Where's your Latin and Greek? You won't get a job just because of your cockney accent, you know. I know you got a badge for darts, but what the world needs is a Rugger Blue. I'll see what we can do. Pay five shillings.

You can pay me now, or I can take certain steps to collect it. Ah, thank you.

There are some medical men present, I believe! Five of you? Good. Of course, our previous meetings occurred at intervals over a period of years, but in substance they were all alike.

Kindly remove your clothes, gentlemen.

Gentlemen, gentlemen! I should be reluctant to apply pressure—ah, that's more reasonable of you.

Oblige me by saying "Ah!" in unison.

Again—the mouth fully distended.

Much better.

My secretary will now pass among you with a small mallet and a very, very cold stethoscope. Offer no resistance, gentlemen, lest you provoke me to recall interviews which have necessitated the employment of a sharp pointed instrument upon the soles of the feet.

Splendid. Get dressed. The gentleman whose knee-cap has been inadvertently fractured by the mallet will please not make such a fuss.

Ah, my old friend the bank manager. You look terrified. You are terrified? Excellent—so was I.

You have, at my suggestion, made a donation to my favourite



charity to rather more than the amount of your current account. I am glad of this, because you will be able to appreciate the humour of this reversal of rôles to the full.

I have your application for a loan before me. The security you offer is quite inadequate. My dear sir, this is not a charitable organization. You should cultivate husbandry, my man, cultivate husbandry.

Don't go—I have to give you a cold, fishlike handshake.

We have another group now—the employers. Line up—just as if you were expecting a bad time.

Numbers One, Seven and Eight—you're fired!

Numbers Two and Five—start work on Monday—at the bottom rung of the ladder.

Numbers Three and Six—I will communicate with you.

Number Four—Sonny, why don't you emigrate?

Two, Four and Six will be given a cigarette each by my secretary. I will have one also. I shall expect to see enormous competition between you for the privilege of lighting mine.

That's right—a little robust, Four, a little robust, but you meant well.

Lastly, there is the elderly military gentleman in the second row. I have awaited you with some impatience, dear sir.

Your hair's very short—let it grow. I hope you don't hunt. I suppose you're one of these crop-headed hearties who plays games all the time when you could be reading Ibsen.

What do you think of Picasso, hey?

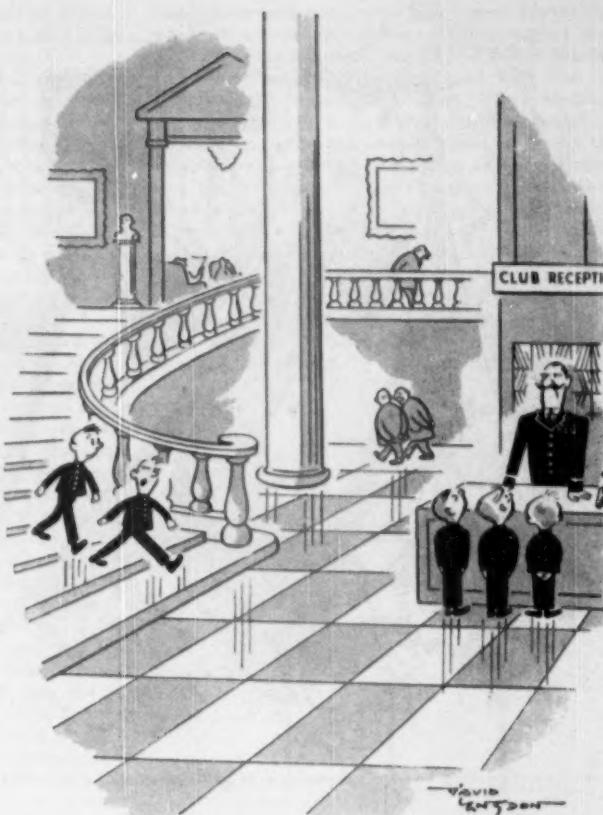
Or Braque, hey?

Never heard of 'em? Bless my soul, what sort of officers are they turning out nowadays!

There's a concert of chamber music on the wireless this afternoon—I shall expect to see you listening, d' ye hear?

You can go.

That's all, gentlemen. And in case you are tempted to delude yourselves that our connection is now ended for ever, let me give you the valediction you so often gave me: you will be hearing from me—later.



"The usual pep-talk, I s'pose: the one about the Mounties always getting their man . . ."

TOO MANY STARS

BY THE LOW SEA WALL

I AM oppressed with stars.
Orion treads too near me on
the airs.
Too bright a studded circle's rim
Binds me to him.

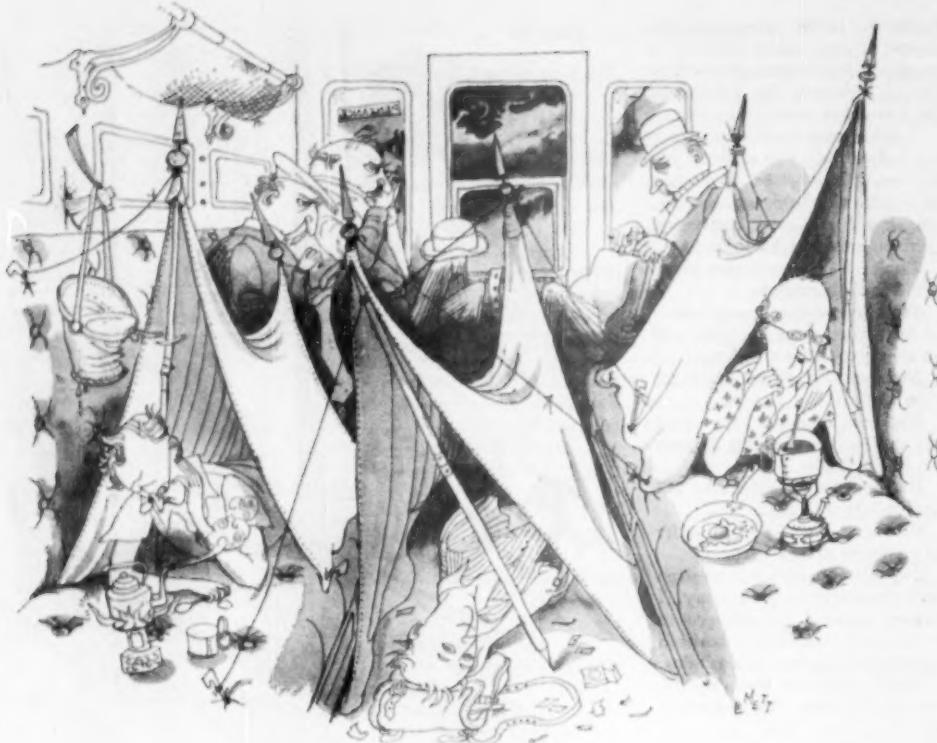
Plucked fruits, rich, ripe and gold,
Tumble about my ears in seven-
fold
Plenty, by Pleiades thrown down.
My temples feel the Crown.

Old Bear reels giddily,
Loose tethered in the compound
of the sky.

The spangled miles of night unroll
Beyond the fixed Pole.

Heav'n wakens all her deeps,
Till I could think there is no
star that sleeps
But turns the beauty of its
eye
Blazing on me.

I brush my burning brow
To shake myself star-free: and
find below
A flashing sea of fallen light
Laving my feet.



"Actually, I'm glad we couldn't get a sleeper . . ."

STATUARY

THIS Belle-lettre winnows the sober and exacting subject of Statuary, a term which describes horizontal and vertical shapes that but for the sculptor would still be blocks of stone, chunks of wood, ingots of metal or bags of plaster. It does not cover mummies, which start well on the way, nor stuffed birds, which are even nearer to the finish before touched by human hand. Statuary does not get the public attention of painting, unless it gets much more, as when newspapers print pictures to show how ugly and unsuitable it is and people take the trouble to look it up and even to paint it green. The Tate Gallery can always people the Embankment by announcing an exhibition of painting, though only if borrowed; but an exhibition of sculpture never gets beyond a *succès d'estime*.

Being a sculptor is more harassing than being a painter because the bystanders are even sillier. You can set up your easel in a dell and suffer nothing worse than comments that you have painted an oak as an elm; but if you sculpt in public people will poke your clay to see whether it is as hard as the clay in their

gardens, or compare your expertise with a chisel to that of friends in the building trade. Sometimes sculptors hide under a tarpaulin like photographers under their black cloths; more often they simply shut themselves away at home and forget to make allowances for the bend in the stairs, so that delivery to the client is fraught with hazard.

Now I will turn to an actual piece of statuary and survey it, and the piece I will choose is the Winged Victory. It is not completely winged and it is also armless and headless, so that a good deal has to be taken on trust, as is so often the case with the finer points of Classical Civilization. There is a wind blowing, and by studying the effects of air currents on textiles you can work out a bit about this wind and thus perhaps throw light on the Greek climate. It was obviously blowing from right to left, and a glance at the atlas will show this means from Asia Minor towards Athens. According to a history of Greek Art its merits are thought to be that "as a study in motion it leaves nothing to be desired," and

its demerits that it has "a certain want of repose." The matter may be summed up by saying that it has the defects of its qualities.

French hotels are fuller of statuary than English hotels. Their sitting-rooms are filled with bronzes to an extent only equalled by waiting-rooms in Harley Street, and there is often a good deal of statuary worked in round the clock and usually showing people striving so hard that their muscles bulge. Cuckoo clocks have statuary only on their mezzanine floor, whence it pops out and makes a noise that, like tinned salmon, is used to test the trueness to life of Nature. Oriental statuary is less active than that found to the West and stares ruminatively back at the connoisseur rather than preparing to hurl things at him.

Non-connoisseurs faced with statuary often get out of having to make intelligent comments by reading the inscriptions aloud, showing an amused admiration for the lists of virtues and translating the Roman figures into dates. Others peer from the back to find bits the sculptor has not finished off neatly. Others, again, show they read art criticism by talking about tactile values and then wonder whether these are found only in paintings. Much the best approach is by analogy with other arts, using such terms as "atonal." There is always the danger that bystanders may try to pin you down; but then you just giggle slightly and say "I'm being obvious again."

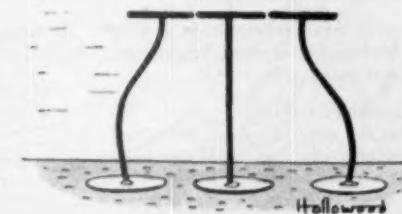
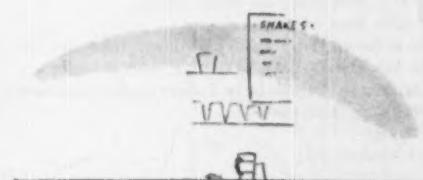
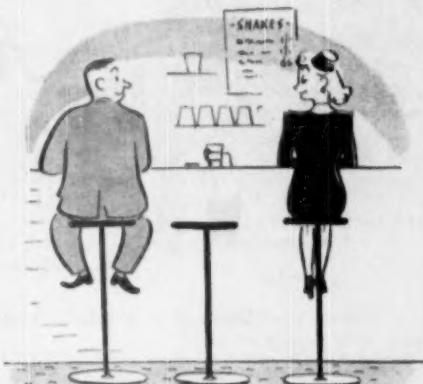
There are more statues of mayors than of philosophers and of politicians than of sculptors, because statues are commissioned to perpetuate men's memories in some hard-wearing medium and if they are perpetuated by their works statues are a waste of money. What an extravagance a statue of Euclid would be. There are quite a number of statues of animals, sometimes with a general on top—this applies mainly to horses. There are more statues of men than of women and few, if any, of Siamese twins. So much for statistics.

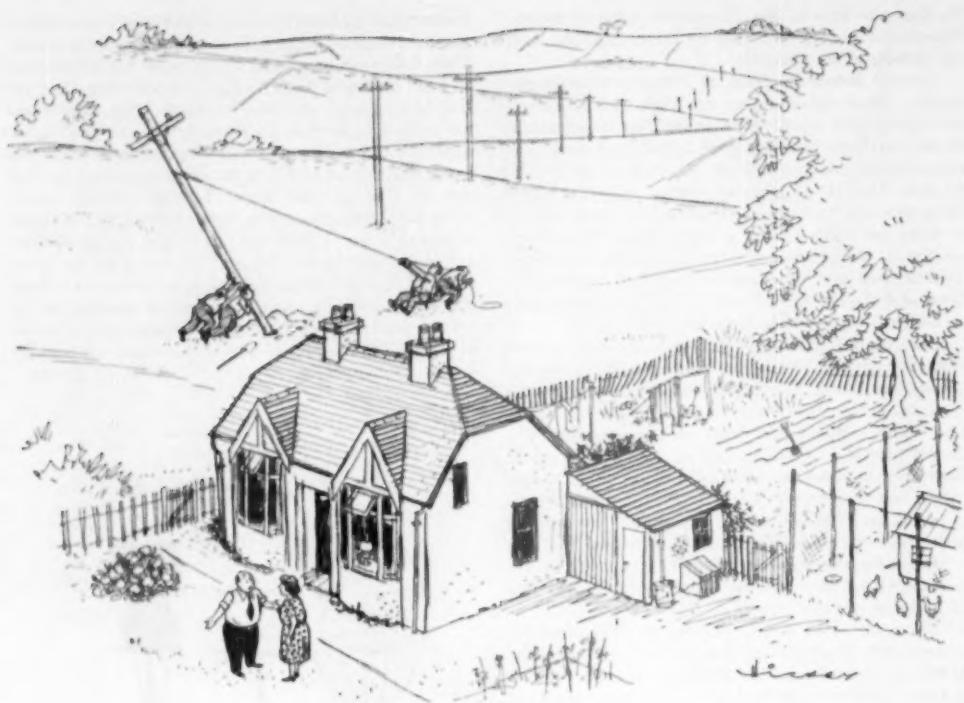
There are quite a few statues in London, and a good place for them is Westminster Abbey, where some are free and some work out at a minute fraction of a penny each. In several cases these have a dual appeal: to those interested in the eighteenth century when the models lived and to those interested in the Romans after whom they are costumed. One of the most obvious statues in London is that of Nelson, between whom and the traditional stone block supervenes a kind of single stilt, fluted and columnar. One theory is that he is up there because he is looking out over the sea to warn Britain of approaching enemies; but he is clearly not high enough for that, nor is he using his telescope. Another theory is that the column represents a very long telescope and, tired of keeping it to his blind eye, he is applying it to the sole of his foot, where it would serve much the same purpose. Probably the real explanation is shyness on the part of the sculptor who did not want the finish of his work inspected in detail.

I once sat on and off for months to a sculptor called Sally Entwhistle Jnr., who said she itched to

immortalize me in terra-cotta. She was an impoverished wee lassie and to begin with she aimed at doing a bust. Then funds ran short and she reduced her programme to head and neck, and finally to head; even then she had to give me a very low forehead. She entertained me by cooking food in the stove she used for baking her figurines and very well cooked indeed was what this entertainment was. When the terra-cotta was finished she held a private view, hoping visitors would bring bottles of drink with them; but all they brought were examples of their own work, and the terra-cotta got rather lost in the display. It ended up by being fixed on to a bird-bath and can now be seen in a front garden in Clapham, where it is much perched on by starlings and much disregarded by passers-by, who prefer to count the Dwarfs, of which there are, confusingly it seems to me, eight.

R. G. G. PUNCH





"Which of us is going to break it to them that we can't afford it?"

CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL

THE river sings its water-music,
now loud, now low;
the summer cloud sails, hull-down, over the hill;
the blackbird's beak is orange, orange still;
how long in dreams have I seen, heard those things
being just themselves,
and real,
and healing, so!

But the river sings to me:
Hush! Only listen, only see.

The cloud says: Dream, drift, as I drift. Dream
over blue-shadowed wood, bright stream,
and heat-hazed hills.

The blackbird trills:
This is my song, my song, my song
and nothing else, the whole day long.
Listen. There is nothing more
save, when I've done, a clear *encore*.
The afternoon
is afternoon, and long, and is full only

of what it should contain, as, in the river, trout
breathe in the water,
nudge, and swim about
and, whether you see them or you do not see them,
in miniature coat-of-mail are there.

Do not think, oh, do not muse upon the lonely
phantasmal thoughts within your head,
nor stare

at the sweet grass and the trees
as one who sees
more than there is to see—
hears more than there is to hear.

Rest you content, for there is nothing queer
and peace will steal

upon you, if you listen but to me
and the river—
gaze on the trees and the grass, and feel
the sun, and breathe the air.

Your heart will heal:
their hearts are healed, of whom you think; and now
if only you do not care, they will not care.

R. C. SCRIVEN

LOGISTICAL DIRECTIVE

THE woman looked across at the man from her operations at the dressing-table. "Will you just go round for some things to the grocer's while I finish getting ready?" she directed.

The man agreed, without enthusiasm. "Tell me what it is you want."

"Not me alone, you know," the woman reminded him. "We. We want some tea. There are two books need clearing up. You'd better get them from the kitchen."

"The ration books!"

"Well, I certainly don't mean the library books. Now ask yourself. What books would I mean? You're going round to the grocer's for some rations. I say to you 'Will you get the books!'"

The man brought the books. She examined them. "There's sugar to come, too, on this one," she noted.

"All right. Tea and sugar." The man rose to go.

The woman continued examining the books. "And soap. I think we'll have household soap."

The man repeated it. "Household soap." Then, so that he should not forget, "Tea and sugar."

"And we'd better finish up the sweets."

"For goodness' sake! Do I have to clear off all the arrears at once!"

The woman ignored him. "And while you're there you'd better get some biscuits."

"Any particular kind of biscuits?"

"No, I don't mind. I leave it to you. So long as you don't bring ginger-nuts again. And you'll have to get those two marked off."

"Two marked off what?"

"Two books marked off, of course. I didn't go round for the rations this week. I phoned up and they brought them along. And they didn't mark the books. Just these two. I couldn't find them. The other one they did."

"Two books marked off."

"Yes. Be careful they mark the right ones."

"Yes." The man called the

roll. "Tea and sugar on two books. Household soap. Suppose I can't get household!"

"There's plenty of soap about. Why they can't take it off the ration now, straight away, without all this nonsense, beats me."

"Sweets. On all the books!"

"No, only on this one. The others have gone. Biscuits," the woman reminded him.

"Get the books marked."

"Just these two. Yes. Oh, and, as you're going, you might as well take their box back."

"What box?"

"The one they brought the rations round in."

The man entered a mild demur. "But it's only an old cardboard box."

"Never mind. I expect they'd like it back. And while you're there perhaps you'll see if they've got a jelly."

"A jelly." The man brought out a piece of paper.

"Don't tell me you've got to write it down!" the woman reproached him, contemptuous and shocked.

"Well, it's getting a little complicated, isn't it?"

"I have to remember these things every day. And if you want any sardines for supper, I leave it to you."

"To me?" The man hesitated to assume the responsibility.

"Yes. Do you want this note?"

"What is it?"

"Ten shillings."

"I might as well. It'll save breaking into a pound."

The woman warned him, "It won't pay for all those things, though."

"It won't?"

"There's Monday's bill to settle as well."

"Next Monday!" the man inquired, ready to believe anything.

"No, last Monday, of course, stupid. When they brought the rations round I happened to be in rather a hurry."

The man got up off his chair to go in the kitchen and look for the cardboard box. "It's going to cost me a bit then, isn't it?" he asked. "Apart from going."

"Well, it's all your money. Don't be long," the woman instructed him finally. "I should think by the time you get back I ought to be ready."

2 2

Are You Courting?

"Later he went to study at Royal Academy School of Art in London, and on leaving the Academy he took a studio in London and after eight years of hard work, married Miss C—— M——."

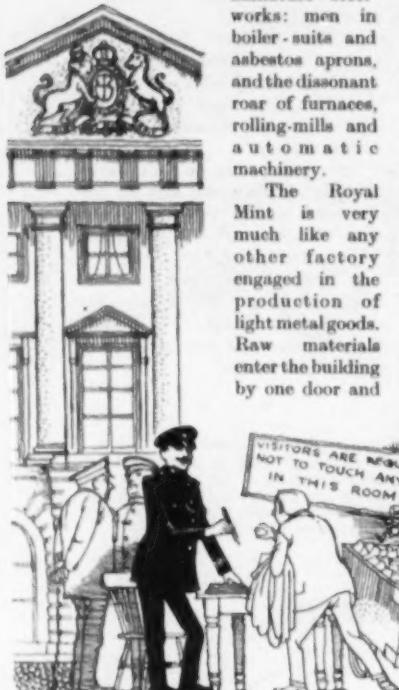
Dorothy Parker



THE POCKET-MONEY FACTORY

FOOLISHLY, I suppose, I had expected an atmosphere of cloistered serenity, with white-bearded, black-coated master craftsmen (rather like superannuated gnomes) filing intently at lumps of metal under the keen eye of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Instead I found a miniature steelworks: men in boiler-suits and asbestos aprons, and the dissonant roar of furnaces, rolling-mills and automatic machinery.

The Royal Mint is very much like any other factory engaged in the production of light metal goods. Raw materials enter the building by one door and



finished products, neatly packaged, leave by another: there are intricate machines attended by persons who look exactly like skilled operatives, foremen who resemble foremen, and administrators who are unmistakably administrative. The only obvious differences between the Royal Mint and a factory producing, say, "Brummagem Goods" are that the Tower Hill establishment has a handsome though bomb-scarred façade, police protection and no "Music While You Work."

"You busy?" I said to the first numismatist I encountered.

"So-so," he said. "We've got a pretty big order on hand for Hong Kong ten-cent pieces, another for West African shillings, and another—"

"So you export too," I said. "You don't make American dollars, I suppose?"

"Only indirectly," he said. "We used to make Russian roubles though."

"You're still allowed to cater for the home market, I take it?"

"Oh, yes, we can't grumble."

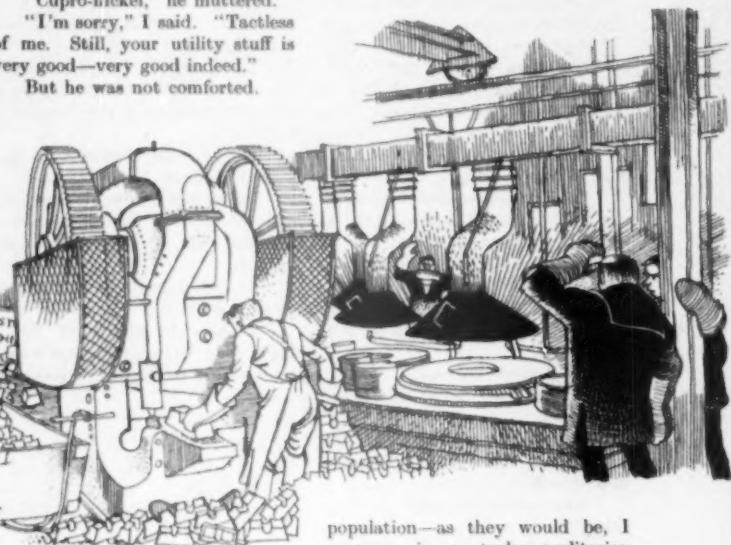
"What is your output of silver and copper?"

A shadow traversed his features and his eyes became moist.

"Cupro-nickel," he muttered.

"I'm sorry," I said. "Tactless of me. Still, your utility stuff is very good—very good indeed."

But he was not comforted.



Coins of cupro-nickel, you may remember, began to replace our silver coins on January 1, 1947. That was a black day indeed for the minions of the Mint. Henceforth they handled only base metals, proletarian Ni, humble Zn and common or garden Cu, and something of the lustre of their noble calling faded. It was estimated at the time of the change-over that about two hundred and twenty million ounces of fine silver were in circulation—in people's pockets, slot

machines, gas meters, tea-pots and banks—and it was hoped that enough of this metal could be reclaimed to wipe out a large part of Britain's lend-lease debt to America of three hundred and twenty-odd million ounces. An examination of your pockets should indicate how far these hopes have been realized over the past three years.

Since the intrinsic value of the cupro-nickel substitutes is only about one per cent of their face value, the Government's profit on the transaction has been substantial—nothing like the profit on the note issue, of course, but not one to be sneezed at in an economic crisis.

If all the coins in circulation were evenly divided among the

population—as they would be, I suppose, in a truly egalitarian society, though it is not my purpose here to advocate one—we should each have about forty-five shillings worth of loose change in our pockets, and at a rough estimate the value of this cupro-nickel and bronze would be worth . . . well, let's say two-pence ha'penny. I mention this in order to demonstrate the futility of "sweating" or filing down our modern metallic currency.

All the same our "silver" is still legal tender up to forty shillings and our "copper" up to twelve pence. And the Trial of the Pyx, the



ancient ceremony at which the Company of Goldsmiths assays and weighs samples of the Mint's output, is still conducted annually. A skilled jury reports its findings to the Government, and it is just too bad for the Mint if it has been up to any funny business, palming off adulterated cupro-nickel or something.

In the Melting House I found a man seated before an immense balance. He was weighing out the ingredients for a batch of cupro-nickel, a medium-size furnace-full, and his mixture—unless my notes have been tampered with—consisted of

- 60 lb. copper
- 20 lb. nickel (in the form of shot)
- 110 lb. "obsolete coin"
- 1 lb. (almost) cupro-manganese
- 4 lb. phosphor-copper.

Nothing is wasted and nothing is unaccounted for. Several times I found myself reading a large notice:

VISITORS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO
TOUCH ANYTHING IN THIS ROOM
and once, after examining three shiny shillings, I almost decided to put four back on to the conveyer belt, just to be on the safe side with

a highly suspicious overseer, but somehow I couldn't quite get my hand into my pocket.

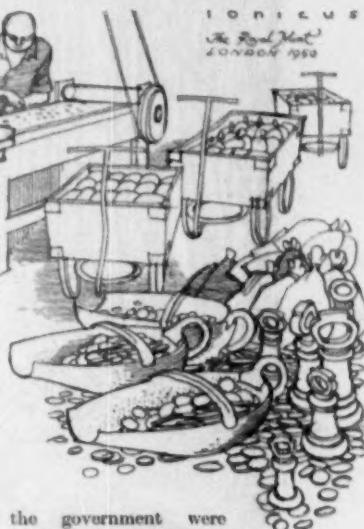
The precautions taken against an involuntary deflation of the currency are so complete and systematic that the chances of making an easy shilling at the Mint are extremely remote. Nobody

vision—though for many years, right up to the nineteenth century, the job of minting was done by private contractors. Sir Isaac Newton, it is said, made a fortune during his term of office at the Tower of London as Master of the Mint and Contractor for the Coinage. The present Mint was built in 1810 when

leaves the building at knocking-off time until the last pennyweight and pennorth of coinage has been found all present and correct. The visitor's initial surprise at the apparent casualness and carelessness of the proceedings is therefore entirely unwarranted.

At one point I saw half-crowns cascading from a sort of furnace to plunge into an ordinary household bucket full of water. Quite a number of the coins missed their mark and rolled about the floor. From time to time a workman would side-foot them back towards the bucket, as though they were cigarette-ends. But, as I say, this studied casualness is deceptive. Any visitor who stands with his foot over a coin will soon discover what I mean.

Apart from a handful of counterfeitors the Royal Mint has a complete monopoly in this industry, a corner in coinage. But it was not ever thus; in Norman times there were successful mints all over the country and the king's private mint went with him everywhere on his travels. Then, towards the end of the twelfth century the paw of officialdom reached out and put the coinage under government super-



the government were finding the Napoleonic Wars rather a drain.

Wisely, I think, I have left but little space to describe the processes of manufacture, but if you think of the artist's original designs for a coin as a couple of large plaster plaques (obverse and reverse) and can imagine how this bas-relief is scaled down to coin size by a reducing machine and reproduced in miniature facsimile on a master punch of hard steel; if you can visualize the immense press in which the dies are punched by the punch, the machines in which the blanks cut from the rolled strip metal are punched by the dies, the device by which the coins are given their milled edge, the pickling vats in which the coins are polished in acid, and the conveyer belt on which the coins receive their final inspection—if, as I say, you already have a fairly clear grasp of all this—then there is no need for me to detain you any longer. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"This is the scenery the motorist misses."

"NORTH" BEGINS AT HAMPSTEAD

SNORTING a kind of perfunctory dismissal into the night, the train drew out of the station, leaving a lonely Londoner in the north of England. This was his first trip to Manchester, and in the semi-darkness of an unfamiliar railway station the stranger looked about him in bewilderment. There were signs which told how to get to places with names like Stockton-on-Tees, Barnsley, Wakefield and Ashton-under-Lyne, but little to indicate how he must reach the town's centre and find a night's

lodging. The young man realized that all people who come as strangers to the northern capitals must feel as he did on seeing the natives hurrying to dive out of the station, through a gaslit patch of rain, and into their waiting limousines. For all around him doors clicked, chauffeurs saluted and tycoons settled luxuriously back into comfortable upholstery as their cars glided down the station ramp.

Feeling at first like every man with a suitcase and rain on his hat—very poignant, but not doing it

one quarter so well as Spencer Tracy—his commercial morale had reached the level of an oriental pedlar of strange neckties, when help came from an unexpected quarter.

"Looking for a room, sir?" asked a friendly north-country voice out of the rain.

Pale against the shining street, the man who addressed him was no more than five feet in height and had a permanent list to the right. Though overcoatless he seemed to scorn shelter, as if he were distilled out of the rain itself.

"Tell me what sort of a price you want to pay, an' I'll find you a room to suit, sir," said the little man, taking the traveller's case.

The Londoner had toyed with the idea of a taxi, but they were by now all gone, leaving him no alternative but to follow, stepping and sliding down the wet pavement in the wake of the little man who had his bag.

"Manchester's certainly living up to its reputation," the traveller volunteered when he had drawn level with his companion.

"Aye," said the other morosely, "but I reckon they won't be in t' Cup Final this year. Leeds United's comin' on that fast."

"Oh," said the stranger, taken aback, "actually I was referring to the rain. It's always supposed to rain in Manchester, isn't it?"

"Aye," said the guide, adding, irrelevantly in the Londoner's opinion, "They've a tidy bit o' rain in Leeds, too, come to that."

After some minutes' silence his escort spoke again.

"We have to get a tram from 'ere," he said, dumping the suitcase on the pavement. "It's nobbut a few minutes' ride."

On the tram the stranger was given a warming and encouraging description of his lodgings for the night, and when they'd got off again the bagman told him how he summed up people's requirements by their faces.

"Tidy little place I'm takin' you to, sir," he said. "Just what you'll be wanting."

When he first looked at the stranger, he confided, he had said

to himself "Now there's a chap that will want a nice, quiet, clean place at a middling price." And it was just such a place that they were coming to, "The Gargoyle Hotel," kept very respectable by a retired footballer and his wife.

At last, perhaps ten minutes later, the stranger stood under the porch of a reassuring enough hotel, whose red neon signs were reflected cheerfully on the wet features of his guide.

"There you are, sir! What did I say?" said the little man, triumphantly returning the traveller's bag.

Gratefully the stranger over-tipped. He was more than surprised at his guide's good taste.

"Thank you, sir." The little man touched his cap, backing away slowly. "You'll find it a right comfortable little place. I always try to bring the gentlemen from the station here. I reckon it's the snuggest little hotel in Leeds."

Rattling over a distant crossing a tram only half-drowned his words.

"The finest hotel — where?" asked the stranger.

"In Leeds, sir," said the little man, stepping back into the rain.

PEAT CUTTER

HIGH upon hill where the peatland lies drearily stretched under sky and the tread of the rain, slow over sill of the rock, the stream wearily drifts in the dye of the moor-brown stain:

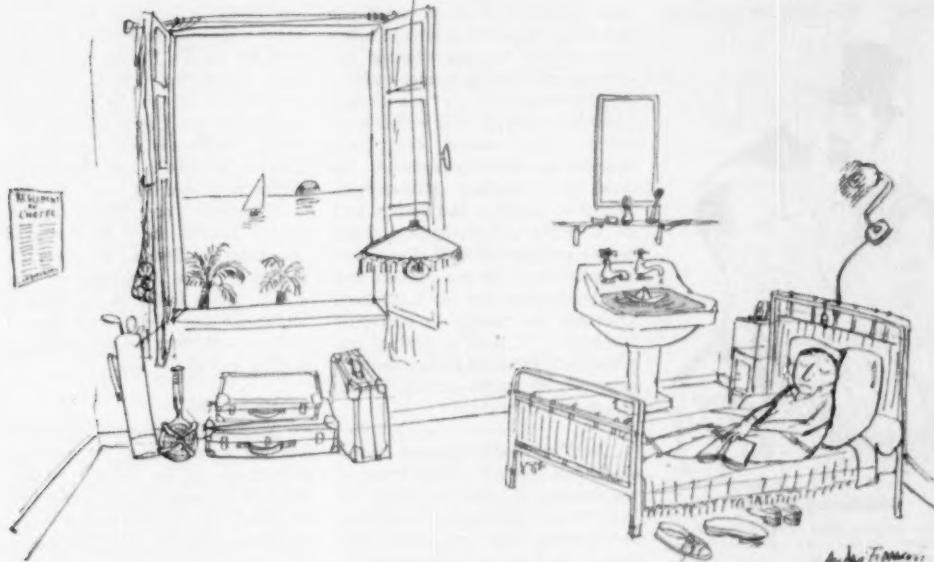
smooth goes my spade through the peat as I dig in it,
shearing apart the close strength of the soil;
bright goes the blade through the tangle of sprig in it,
shaped like a heart and as true in its toil:

black as the peat is the time of my troubling,
deep drives my heart through the sorrow it knows:
loving comes sweet but with sweetness redoubling
sense of the smart when the salve of it goes:

weary my feet with the load I'll be carrying;
broad yet my back for the burden it bears:
never more fleet goes grief for your tarrying,
lightens no pack for complaint of your wares:

shining the steel through the peat, going deep in it,
proved to its part: so bides my desire
as here under heel the peat holds asleep in it,
dark in its heart, the warm hope of the fire.

ALUN LLEWELLYN



AT THE PLAY

Captain Carvallo (ST. JAMES'S)
The Gentle Gunman (ARTS)

ARMS and the men we sing. In Mr. DENIS CANNAN's "traditional comedy" of *Captain Carvallo* the only firearm that goes off is a rifle manipulated by a comic-opera Baron. Other cracks are purely verbal. This should soothe weaker spirits worried by the setting of the play "in the kitchen of a farmhouse on disputed territory," during "an evening in the last summer of a long war." True, there is an explosion off-stage; but, throughout, the gunmen are gentle: Mr. CANNAN does not justify his name.

The piece, amiably extravagant comedy, keeps on tipping into farce. On the first night the house wanted as much as it could get of the two leading farceurs. Mr. RICHARD GOOLDEN, as a partisan farmer, unites evangelism with arson and bloodshed in the most solemn and meditative way. He reminds me of a purposeful sheep. Mr. PETER FINCH takes in his stride a celibate biologist who, goodness knows why, has to become an "Anarchist seducer." He and Mr. GOOLDEN



[*Captain Carvallo*

Conquering Captain

Smedja Darde—MISS DIANA WYNYARD
Professor Winke—MR. PETER FINCH
Captain Carvallo—MR. JAMES DONALD



The Fighting Irish

Shinto—MR. MICHAEL GOLDEN; *Doctor Cassidy*—MR. E. J. KENNEDY; *John Truethorn*, K.C.—MR. HENRY HEWITT; *Terrence Sullivan*—MR. ROBIN BAILEY

run through the farcical scenes so swiftly and ingratiatingly that we may be inclined to overlook the tact with which Miss DIANA WYNYARD and Mr. JAMES DONALD present the quieter passages between the farmer's wife and the philandering young captain, with the geranium, who is billeted upon her. Miss WYNYARD has not much of a part, but her acting fills the author's gaps. Mr. DONALD is charmingly talkative. It is an endearing nonsense-piece; and it will only confuse you if you ask what the war is about and where the country is, and whether the serenely enchanting farmer's wife—the Professor calls her "a not uninteresting example of a well-defined ethnic type"—could ever have married her bleating husband. To hold an exacting post-mortem would be unfair to the author, and to a witty neo-Ruritanian frivol with a serious ending that seems to be out of key. Its performance and the production (by Sir LAURENCE OLIVIER) are enough to commend the play. "I have a distinct impression of something being wrong," says Mr. GOOLDEN at one point. Never mind; let it be.

In *The Gentle Gunman* not a single gun goes off. I lost count of the number of times on which one party or the other put up its hands; but nothing else happened: Mr. ROGER MACDOUGALL's people never

shoot. The scene is the border of Ulster and Eire some time during the last war. The gunman of the title, presented by Mr. ROBIN BAILEY with a persuasive purr, has the task of explaining to more orthodox members of the I.R.A. that a policy of violence can only be futile. This is like telling the Liffey to flow backwards. Still, it helps to make a play that is lively in both its dialogue and its action. Mr. MACDOUGALL ought to straighten the kinks in his first act, and it takes a big gulp to swallow the idea that Mr. Justice Truethorn, who has been sentencing I.R.A. men, in Britain, would go for an annual holiday on the Ulster border. Ah, well! *Truethorn* is performed in Mr. HENRY HEWITT's best quivering-fiddlestring manner, and no one would question any decision by Mr. Justice Hewitt: he is the flower of the theatrical Bench. Mr. MICHAEL GOLDEN, as a firebrand of the I.R.A., has a finger on the trigger all the evening. He is never allowed to shoot, but there are always flames coming out of his top.

Recommended

Seagulls over Sorrento (Apollo) is a strong Navy mixture: comedy and melodrama on an Orkney island. Mr. Eric Portman is amusingly and effectively the Governor of a Mediterranean island in *His Excellency* (Princes). J. C. TREWIN

THE EARTH IS NOT MY MOTHER

POLE-vaulting should be easy. All one has to do is to swing like a pendulum. You gain momentum and then you swing like a pendulum. Anybody can swing like a pendulum. The only difficulty is that in the pole-vault the weight is at the top. If I have to be a weight I prefer to be at the bottom.

I tried it out under the guidance of Cox, who used to pole-vault. He set the crossbar at six feet.

"Couldn't you set it lower for a start?" I said.

"If I set it lower there's no point in having a pole," said Cox. "Now run gently to begin with, stick the pole into the slide-way, and swing yourself over like a pendulum."

I ran up with a long, easy, graceful, loping stride. I thrust the pole dextrously into the slide-way and sat down as if I had been struck in the stomach by a train.

"You are pole-vaulting, not jousting," said Cox. "You must raise your end of the pole when you put the other end in the slide-way, and pull yourself up with it—like a pendulum."

I ran up with a long, easy, loping stride, thrust the pole dextrously into the slide-way, rose into the air after the pole, and lay flat on my back with the pole resting on my chest.

"Very laughable," said Cox. "You are pulling too soon. The momentum will take you off the ground so you have to hang for a bit, and then you pull and go over—just like a pendulum."

I ran up with a long, loping stride, thrust the pole dextrously into the slide-way, rose into the air after the pole, hung for a moment, passed the pole in my flight, came back with the pole, and lay flat on my face with the pole underneath me.

"If you were trying to do the Indian rope trick," said Cox, "I would say that you were making progress. You forgot to push. You must swing your legs upward and then push—and over you go like a pendulum."

I ran up with a long, groping stride, thrust the pole dextrously into the slide-way, rose into the air, hung for a moment, pulled, pushed, sat on the crossbar, and fell to the ground clutching the pole, with two pieces of the crossbar lying by me.

"You must not try to take the pole with you over the crossbar," said Cox. "After you push you must let go of the pole."

We got another crossbar.

I ran up, stuck the pole into the slide-way, rose into the air, and pushed the pole well away from me.

We got another crossbar.

"You must remember," said Cox, "that when you are at the peak of your jump your seat should be the highest point, not the lowest. Twist your whole body round and—"

"Yes, like a pendulum," I said.

I tottered up, rose into the air, twisted my body round, thrust my seat right up into the air. For a fraction of a second I hung on the crossbar like a piece of washing.

We got another crossbar.

I hobbled up. I suddenly became a confused mass of swarming jumping standards, crossbars and poles.

"Well, I didn't break the crossbar this time," I said much later.

"No, you broke the pole. You must try not to miss the slide-way with the pole when you run up."

"Yes, yes," I cried. "I shall never be a pendulum if I don't oscillate in a vertical plane about a fixed horizontal axis."

Still, one thing I took to instinctively. Landing after a jump is, I understand, of great importance. I never had any difficulty in landing. My difficulty lay in getting up again.





"Turn right and drive on for a ten-minute walk."

WRITE A TUNE FOR A THOUSAND POUNDS

I
To Messrs. Buncey and Moon, Musical Publishers
EMERALD COURT, PUTNEY

22 May '50

DEAR SIRS.—Having just received three guineas from the Editor of the *New Thinker* for my article "The Antithesis of Aristotle," I would like to accept your invitation to write a tune for a thousand pounds. I therefore enclose my song "South of Tristan da Cunha."

Yours faithfully,
"MAX JACKS"
(EDWARD FOULKE-JONES)

II
7 TIN PAN ALLEY
29 May '50

"South of Tristan da Cunha" is returned. It may be geographically accurate but it lacks croon value.

Dept Z,
BUNCEY AND MOON

III
To Messrs. Buncey and Moon, Musical Publishers
EMERALD COURT, PUTNEY

30 May '50

DEAR SIRS.—I submit "Streetsweepers Serenade," which I have specially written with croon value for

your "Write a Tune for a Thousand Pounds" offer
Yours faithfully,

"MAX JACKS"
(EDWARD FOULKE-JONES)

IV
7 TIN PAN ALLEY
6 June '50

"Streetsweepers Serenade" is returned. This sort of tune has been played out with lamp-lighters, wood-peckers, donkeys and even ferryboats. In any case your line "Cupid fired a dart from a Corporation cart" is considered most unsuitable.

Dept. Z,
BUNCEY AND MOON

V
To Messrs. Buncey and Moon, Musical Publishers
EMERALD COURT, PUTNEY

7 June '50

DEAR SIRS.—"Siberian Summer," which I submit for your competition "Write a Tune for a Thousand Pounds," is not only musical but topical. I am sure it will be a hit. The refrain—"O give me a glimpse of Sredne Kolymsk, etc." is full of croon value.

Yours faithfully,
"MAX JACKS"
(EDWARD FOULKE-JONES)

VI

7 TIN PAN ALLEY
14 June '50

This firm regrets that it does not publish songs in any language but English.

Dept. Z,
BUNCEY AND MOON

VII

To Messrs. Buncey and Moon, Musical Publishers
EMERALD COURT, PUTNEY
15 June '50

DEAR SIRS.—My song "Siberian Summer" was, in fact, intended to be in English. I regret your refusal to publish songs in foreign languages, as I had just prepared a Latin translation of "The Knee Bone's Connected to the Thigh Bone." However, I now submit, in English, a song which I hope will win your competition. "Jankers Jive" will have a wide appeal, especially amongst past and present members of the forces.

Yours faithfully,
"MAX JACKS"
(EDWARD FOULKE-JONES)

VIII

7 TIN PAN ALLEY
22 June '50

There is no demand at present for songs of a military flavour. We suggest you keep it for the start of a war.

Dept. Z,
BUNCEY AND MOON

IX

To Messrs. Buncey and Moon, Musical Publishers
EMERALD COURT, PUTNEY
23 June '50

DEAR SIRS.—I have no desire to write songs with which to start wars. I merely wish to be considered in your "Write a Tune for a Thousand Pounds" competition. I therefore submit the following for your consideration—"The Night Watchman's Dream," "Betty at the Bus Stop" and "The Cocktail Mixer." The last named has a particularly fine drum solo.

Yours faithfully,
"MAX JACKS"
(EDWARD FOULKE-JONES)

X

7 TIN PAN ALLEY
30 June '50

The thousand tunes which shared the prize in our "Write a Tune for a Thousand Pounds" competition have now been published in our popular album "Swing-along," price 6d.—by post 7d., on sale at all music dealers and bookstalls. We advise you to order your copy now.

Dept. Z,
BUNCEY AND MOON

XI

To The Editor, "New Thinker"

EMERALD COURT, PUTNEY

13 August '50

DEAR SIR,—Complementary to my article which was published in your May issue, I now submit "The Synthesis of Socrates."

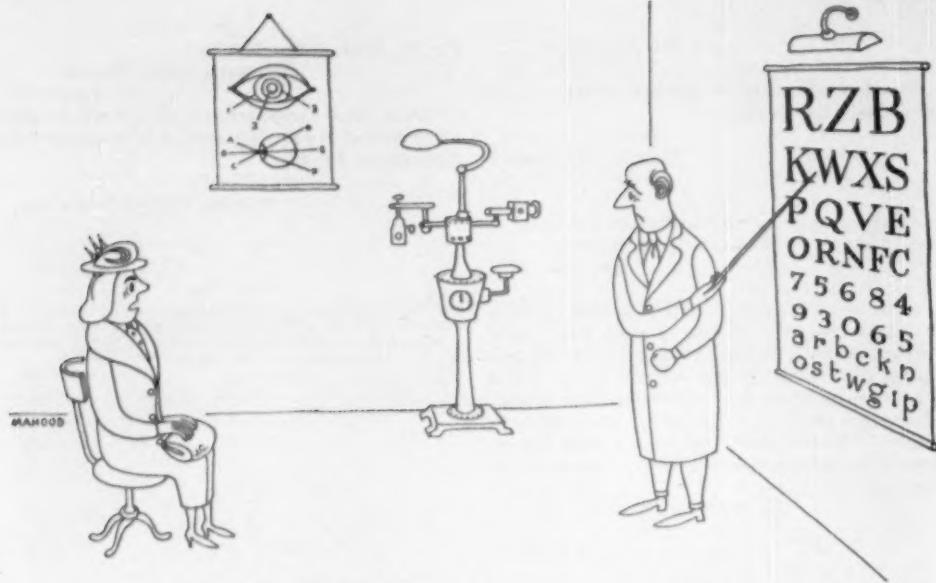
Yours faithfully,
EDWARD FOULKE-JONES, M.A.

8 8

Near Miss

"The accompanying sketch portrays an ingenious form of temporary shelving which is extremely easy to make, capable of being packed into a minimum of space, and which is almost invaluable to campers."—*The Gadgets Magazine*





"Nobody told me I had to enter a competition for them."

ON NOT CATCHING THE DEVONIAN

AT this time of year we seaside-dwellers, arriving at the station for our twenty-mile journey home at the end of the day, are offered a choice. We can go fast or we can go slow.

Soon, we reflect, it will be winter again and the choice will be a treasured memory. Our journey home will be the slow one by the 4.40. Let us, therefore, catch the Devonian while we may.

It is like this. The Devonian, which should leave half an hour before the 4.40—a moment's reflection will give you the estimated time of departure, but none of us wants this to read like a time-table—is always late. Mind you, we don't hold it against her: far from it. She hails, as her destination-board proclaims, from some dimly-conceived, remote Northern outpost called Bradford. Battling her way daily through to us and on to Kingswear she must, naturally, endure much, and if anyone has earned the right to a certain gentlewomanly lateness the Devonian has. Or so we feel.

The circumstance that her lateness renders her available to arrivers in time for the 4.40 increases our benevolence.

I, though, go slow. The "we" used hitherto has been of that vaguely rhetorical-editorial-impersonal kind reserved for the type of schoolmistress who discusses one's daughter in the first person plural.

From choice, I repeat, I go slow. Of all the fickle multitude who surge up from the subway at four-thirty mine are the only steps directed towards the familiar platform. There is a rich, epicurean savour to be had from climbing into the "slow" while everybody else crosses the platform to wait for the Devonian.

It is because I like the siding. The siding, that is, two-thirds of the way home, into which the 4.40 is always shunted to await the passing of a Devonian intent upon not degenerating into a mere frustrated remnant of forgotten time-table.

It is a pleasant siding, half in and half out of a small cutting. The

travellers in fast trains do not even know it is there. They are dimly aware, for a few clattering seconds, of something gently-steaming, shabby and obviously "local," drowsing patiently as they pass; but of the siding it stands in they are unconscious. The loss is theirs.

There are wild flowers growing on the embankment. Three of the kindest-faced cows I have ever known come to the fence and nod condescendingly down at me from the cutting's brink. There are farm-yard noises from somewhere close at hand, an early stirring of sea winds and a view of the distant hills of Wales across the marshland.

It is, in a way, like a private camping-site, occupied as a privilege for a few minutes each day. Speed is not everything, even on a homeward journey. The cutting is worth lagging for.

That is why I do not catch the Devonian. The fact that if I caught it I should arrive home to find my family still on the beach and no tea ready should be ignored.

BOOKING OFFICE

The Defenceless Past

THE past is at every man's mercy, to loot, to patronize, to manipulate. It is an inexhaustible store of face-saving precedents, raw material for book-making and jumping-off points for theory. Historians guard it jealously from others, only to use it ruthlessly for their own purposes.

Mr. Philip Lindsay in *The Great Buccaneer* finds ready-made melodrama in the past. This biography of Sir Henry Morgan is really an old-fashioned historical novel. It is very highly-coloured and quite readable, despite its slapdash style and tendency to enumerate picturesque details rather than describe them. It would have been much more readable if it had treated the subject either historically, by placing Morgan's career in a social framework, or poetically, by creating a myth around him as Dr. Edith Sitwell did for the Tudors in "Fanfare for Elizabeth." However, there is drink and the devil and the magic of place-names, so that there is plenty for the undemanding reader to enjoy.

Dr. H. W. Garrod's *Genius Loci* uses the past as a source of personal satisfactions. He is a fruity writer, like the Dons of a generation before his own, and his essays on such subjects as "Sitting for One's Portrait," "Growing Old" and "Dogs" have a ripeness, even an overripeness, that makes it difficult to remember that their author is a contemporary of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy and younger than Sir Max Beerbohm. His writing is most interesting when it is sharpened by the acids of academic life. The title essay celebrates the poets of his own College, Merton, and contains some unprinted poems, including one by Massinger, at which scholars will wish to look. When Dr. Garrod rather smugly remarks "I have lived to be seventy to little purpose if I find myself at home in 'modern' poetry," he is apparently talking about the poetry which was developing when he was in his thirties. This is the past, not subjected to the scrutiny of a scholar or the devouring gaze of a poet, but used as a sanctuary; and long dwelling in sanctuaries is not wholesome for man.

Professor Renier's *History: Its Purpose and Method* discusses the professional historian's attitude to the past. It is crisp and clear and its volatile author's quirks of character aerate its solid texture. An amateur of many studies, particularly philosophy and psychology, Professor Renier quotes widely in defence of his main thesis that history is the story of the experiences of men living in civilized societies: the emphasis is on the word "story." He fights on two fronts: against the right wing of scholarship, who regard history as identical with research, and against the left wing, whose idea of history is metaphysical. He ranges himself with the Pragmatists against the Croce-Collingwood Idealists. He has many incidental pot-shots at the weaknesses of the English academic world, at the ignorance among antiquarians of studies outside their own field, and at the Marxists. The

elaborate plan of the book slightly hampers the lay reader, already fully extended by the subject-matter. There is too much repetition, and an increase in the number of practical examples, especially during the discussion of methodology, would drive the argument home.

With Professor Renier's general attitude most laymen would agree. Historians must read as widely as possible, be at home in the contemporary world, have some interest in studies on the fringes of their chosen field, and not consider their task completed until a story has been told in comprehensible form. They must not regard the transcription of a new document or the establishment of a new fact as the end of their labours. On the other hand, lack of sympathy with the technicians makes Professor Renier underrate the importance of increasing the amount of evidence available. Modern historians owe a lot to the great antiquaries of the seventeenth century, and it would have been unfair for their contemporaries to dismiss their labours as an escape back to the womb—one of Professor Renier's applications of psychology to the understanding of his colleagues. He quotes with approval Professor Galbraith's reference to "handing on the living tradition of historical knowledge"; but ignores the importance, persuasively and vehemently argued in his Inaugural Lecture at Edinburgh, of serving future historians by getting the raw material into print.

R. G. G. PRICE

The Phoney Peace

Mr. John Foster Dulles, leading American statesman, while making up a balance-sheet of visible Soviet achievement and defeat over the last five years and discovering there—in *War or Peace*—not much that is pleasant for lovers of freedom, nevertheless is neither over-pessimistic nor barren of remedy. If the West



"Well, there you are, ducks—either
you'll be a famous actress or I'm tangled
up with Alexandra Palace again."

would find a means to counter the cynical propaganda of the enemies of God, he declares, it must revitalise its own ideals, must amend the United Nations Charter to provide a really effective town meeting of the World, and must contrive to turn to account the seething ferment of internal rottenness and mass-discontent in the unhappy, police-controlled and purge-haunted Russian empire. Writing before the opening of the Korea campaign he is already urging European consolidation to the point of federation as necessary for common defence, and he advocates, as he is prepared to practise, the suppression of American party politics in the sphere of foreign affairs.

C. G. P.

"Braddles"

Sir Donald Bradman's swan-song, *Farewell to Cricket*, is probably the best of the season's numerous additions to the cricket library. Like one of his double centuries it is constructed carefully and remorselessly: one by one his critics are countered and destroyed, the score of punitive triumphs rises to another record, and the author retires with his reputation intact. True, this is the Bradman of the last phase, the capable statistic working by rule of thumb rather than by afflatus: there are false strokes here and there between the covers, and (in the manner of "W.G.") he indulges in sharpish practices to defend the legend of his omnipotence and immortality. For all that, this is a most interesting and expert commentary on the cricket of our times, full of meat and, what is better, full of the authentic Bradman.

A. H. H.



"Tch! tch! I've been doing nothing else all morning."

"Mind Your Fighting"

"Damn your writing," quotes the late Lord Wavell from an anonymous Indian general, "mind your fighting." General Carton de Wiart's autobiography *Happy Odyssey* discloses a soldier who, diverging from the "pattern of the modern major-general," who may be poet, pedagogue or politician as well, has seldom minded anything else. In South Africa, in Somaliland, and in the two Great Wars he courted danger and laughed at wounds with a terrifying single-mindedness. He seems to have been free of normal human weaknesses; he speaks, for instance, of an engagement in which he was shot twice through the eye, once through the ear and once in the elbow as "all the most exhilarating fun." Even his diplomatic missions were strongly tintured with action. When it comes to writing, his manner is perfunctory and unemotional; whether by design or not, it is just the right medium for recording this strange, ardent, uninhibited life.

B. A. Y.

Chinoiserie

Almost, but not quite, a little masterpiece, *Miss Tu* is a stylised treatment of a stylised theme—brief, tense, two-dimensional, chromatic and uncomplicated by chiaroscuro like a Japanese print. Its theme is the love of a professional courtesan, sold to the trade in babyhood, for a young university student. He is a callow countryman of honourable family. She is at her peak of loveliness and popularity. He is penniless, apart from a heavy and conventional father. She is a prime source of revenue to her establishment, from which she could redeem herself only by purchase. Mr. Lin Yutang begins at the end of the affair, and justifies his dramatic choice by making every one of his retrospective tableaux amazingly interesting. The long short story suits him; and apart from a few blunders such as the stock misuse of *quia nullum amavit*—which applies to the love of God, not to the love of man—his narrative is a model of tact.

H. P. E.

Books Reviewed Above

- The Great Buccaneer.* Philip Lindsay. (Peter Nevill, 16/-)
- Genius Lost.* H. W. Garrod. (Oxford University Press, 7/6)
- History: Its Purpose and Method.* G. J. Renier. (Allen and Unwin, 16/-)
- War or Peace.* John Foster Dulles. (Harrap, 15/-)
- Farewell to Cricket.* Don Bradman. (Hodder and Stoughton, 12/6)
- Happy Odyssey.* Lt.-Gen. Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart. (Cape, 12/6)
- Miss Tu.* Lin Yutang. (Heinemann, 6/-)

Other Recommended Books

- Double, Double.* Ellery Queen. (Gollancz, 10/6) Entertaining whodunit in small town setting. When most of the characters have been murdered, with unhurried expertise Ellery pins the guilt on one of the few survivors.
- Committee Procedure: An Elementary Handbook.* Kay Gilmour. (Methuen, 6/-) A little book that gives comprehensively, in an incredibly small space, all information about procedure needed by anyone on a committee, from the chairman to the most diffident new member. Useful advice, entertaining examples, full Glossary, detailed index.

ALMOST AT THE PICTURES

WE are now approaching Stodge-worth. It is too wet to sit on the beach, so let us go to the cinema. First, however, we must ascertain what is on, so we will visit this news-vendor's. "Would you kindly vend us a copy of the local rag—paper?" Look, dear, I am the proud possessor of the *Sliddington and Wicksteed Advertiser*. Here are the Women's Institute activities—a dead heat, I see, at Cholderton for fruit flan—but on which page are the films? Not this, nor this, nor this—good heavens! Whatever was the Mayoreess of Wicksteed striving after when she decided to have a hat like Cardinal Wolsey?—nor this, nor, alas, this, nor yet this.

We have now been three times through the paper and are almost inured to the sudden impact of the Mayoreess—but we have not yet found the films. We have, before now, been what felt like forty times through a well-known paper in search of the wireless programme, but that is because that paper likes to make its wireless programmes as much as possible like its business propositions and its deaths.

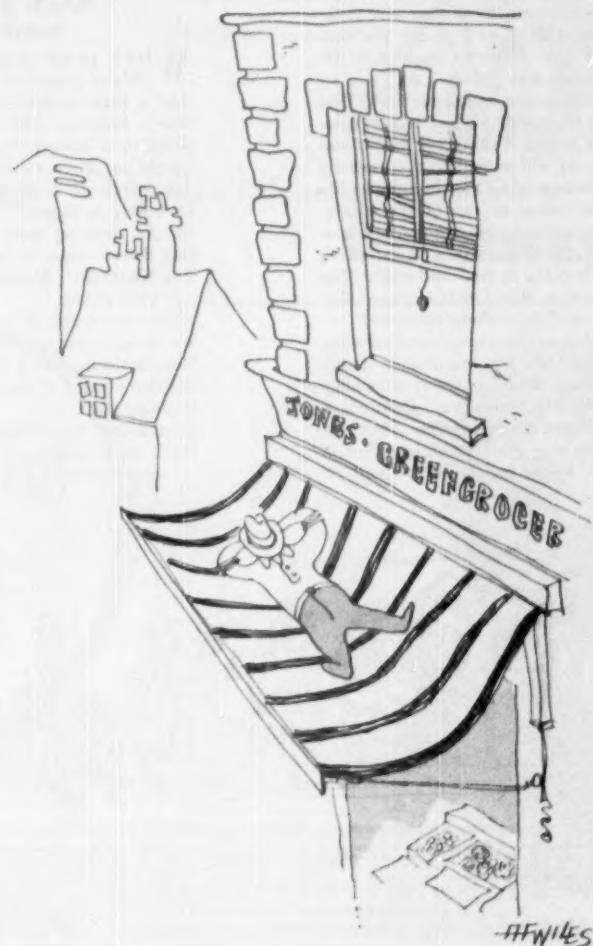
Films are usually easy to find, because they are in square frames and decorated with sawn-off snapshots of the leading players. With certain types of film the heroine's chest is given pride of place and with others the whole of her is shown, the head in a top hat and the legs in sort of trellis-work. With most films the titles are written crooked on purpose, and it usually says somewhere that it is the best film there has ever been. When it doesn't say this or when it says it without inverted commas you immediately jump to the conclusion that it is the worst film there has ever been. The most ominous thing they can say is the phrase beginning "Here they are again, the team that gave you . . ."

Let us try another paper and this time glance rapidly through it before surrendering our copper. . . . The lady says if we had only told her she could have warned us that we wouldn't find any films in the *Sliddington and Wicksteed Advertiser*.

She does not offer to have it back though. She is large and serious and we do not suggest it either. There it will stay on our back seat until it gets sucked down into the vent where the pencils are.

Please lend me a halfpenny. We are now joint owners of the *Stodge-worth Echo*. Here almost at once are the films—and look! What a piece of luck! If these times refer to the big picture we may at last be just in time to see *Concussed*, the seven-award epic. See how the title is

written with jagged edges to show how dynamic it is. We have of course had some big disappointments over epics in the past, and there was, as you say, that man in the lift who was so contemptuous about the cutting, whatever that is, but we have no reason to place the judgment of an unknown man with a dead buttonhole before the unanimous enthusiasm of the world's foremost critics. Besides, are we not consumed with curiosity and is there not, deep down, a tiny desire to



disagree with the world's foremost critics and be on the side of the man in the lift, the little man, the underdog?

Oh, bother it—caught in the same old trap! These are all next week's attractions. We must hasten back to the newsvendor's to see whether they still have a copy of last week's *Echo*. The lady thinks there is one under the cushion in dad's chair—but no, Ted must have took it. If we only want to know what's on, though, she can tell us. It is all too clear from her description that it is Technicolor, top hats and trellis work at the Palazzio and schizophrenia at the Regalia. Her daughter will know what's on at the Grenadillo if we'll wait. We wait, and her daughter says it's *She Wanted Jam On It*. Ah, yes, we remember reading about that. That was the one which had Watt Taylor and Perkin Walbrook in it. It was the old, old story about something quite new to us and it came to life or to pieces in one of the halves. During the course of the film one of the characters said "This seems kinda crazy to me," and either Miss Powell or Miss Lejeune quoted this and said they kinda concurred.

Let us drive round and see what it looks like at close range. Dear-oh-dear, what a decayed-looking place is this Grenadillo! Here in this gilt frame are some stills. That will be the hero. See how his hair gleams and sweeps majestically round at

the sides. Observe how unfathomable is his expression as he stands there in his white dinner jacket. How uncannily symmetrical are the two halves of his eight-sided bow tie. Or can he be the manager of the night club? He is not a bit like the manager of the Grenadillo. All that exposed shoulder on the far side of the champagne must belong to the heroine. If they thought this episode worth singling out and framing it makes one wonder what the rest can be like. It makes one hanker for *Concussed* too....

It has been on for twenty minutes, you can just hear it grinding away from here, and before the beginning comes round again we are to tour Britain's Iron Foundries. Shall we drive round and see if one of the others hasn't started or go in here rather than risk missing still more, or shall we go and ask the paper-woman's daughter what the general opinion about it is locally? How steamy and unsatisfactory it is, standing about undecided in our waterproofs.

DANIEL PETTWARD

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It being plain
That unless they remain
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once again.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



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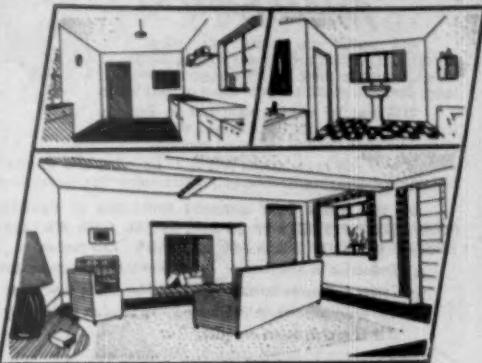
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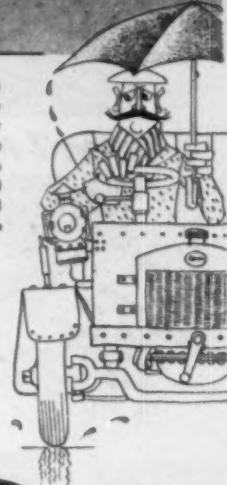
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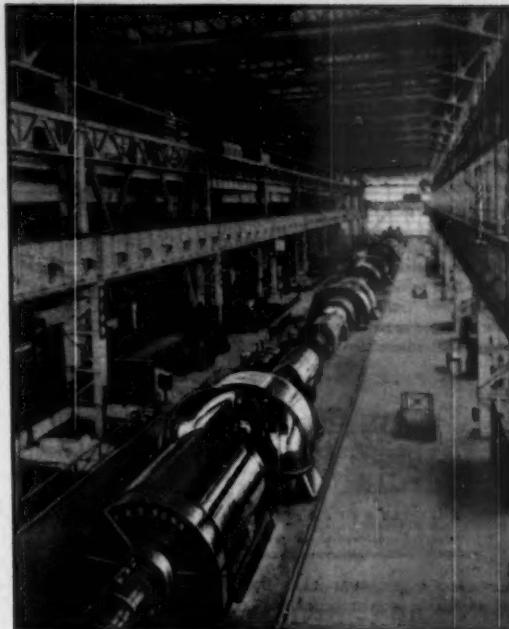
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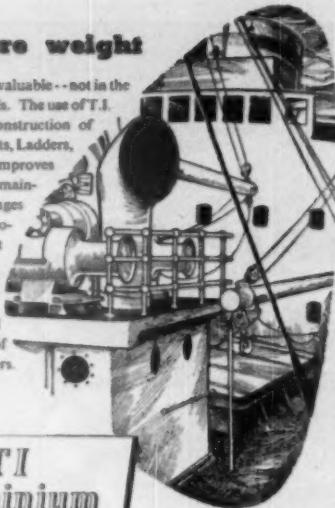
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